





# *Riddle of the Grater*

*In All the War No Single Battle Arouses So  
Mixed Emotions---Awe, Admiration; Disgust,  
Sympathy and Wonder---As Does The  
Mysterious Failure at Petersburg  
Which Occured 72 Years  
Ago July 30*

THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

CINCINNATI

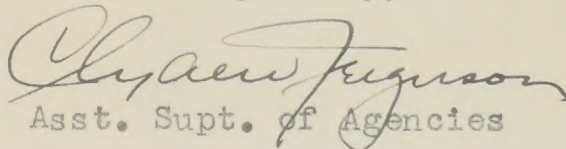
CLYDE W. FERGUSON  
ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF AGENCIES

Miss Edith Patterson  
Librarian  
Pottsville Free Public Library  
Pottsville, Penna.

Dear Miss Patterson:

You last wrote me on May 22 telling me that it was necessary to defer broadcast of "The Battle of the Crater". At that time you told me that the show would probably go on the air the first Sundays in November and December. I am writing you now merely to renew my request that your radio station cut a transcription of the program, at our expense.

Yours very truly,

  
Asst. Supt. of Agencies

October 14, 1947





BATTLE OF THE CRATER  
By Elder



PETERSBURG MINE & BATTLE OF THE CRATER

A

DRAMA FOR THE RADIO.

GIVEN ON

STATION W. J. Z. NOV. 18 - 25, 1934.







873.137  
THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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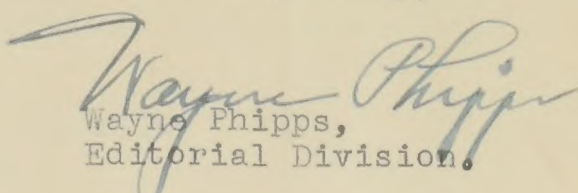
Miss Edith Patterson,  
Librarian,  
Pottsville Free Public Library  
Pottsville, Pa.

Dear Miss Patterson:

The J. Walter Thompson Company has just referred to us your request for a copy of the Roses & Drums radio script entitled, "Petersburg Mine".

It is our usual custom not to send out copies of this script, partly because only a few copies are available to us, but more because the script as prepared for radio presentation does not make very interesting reading. In your case, however, we feel that a copy is justly deserved by the Pottsville Free Public Library, and we are very pleased to mail it to you under separate cover.

Yours very truly,

  
Wayne Phipps,  
Editorial Division.

Sept. 7, 1935  
WP:JL

74909







THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Presents

"Roses and Drums" - Series III, #11

"Petersburg Mine"

5:00-5:30 P.M.

November 18, 1934

Sunday

CAST

ACT I, SCENE I

Carl (Pennsylvania Dutch Miner,  
older, cautious)  
Fritz (Pennsylvania Dutch Miner,  
younger)  
Lieutenant-Colonel Henry U. Pleasants,  
(middle-aged, mining engineer)  
Gordon

SCENE II

Brigadier-General William Mahone (about  
38, observant, careful, but  
courageous)  
General P. G. T. Beauregard (Creole,  
proud, fiery when his abilities  
are questioned)  
Orderly, (Confederate, few lines)  
Betty  
Randy

SCENE III

Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside,  
(about 40, inventive turn of mind,  
quiet but commanding manner)  
Major-General Orlando B. Willcox (about  
41, pious, serious in manner)  
Major-General Robert B. Potter, (about  
40, alert, practical man of action)  
Orderly, Yankee, few lines  
Courier, Yankee, few lines  
Brigadier-General James H. Ledlie, (middle-  
aged, fundamentally a coward)  
General Grant

ACT II

Carl  
Fritz  
Yankee soldier I  
Yankee soldier II (Drawl,  
few lines)  
General Grant  
Colonel Pleasants  
Gordon  
Sergeant Henry Rees, young,  
brave  
Corporal Schmidt (nervous  
frightened youngster)

SOUND EFFECTS

ACT I

Muffled roar of cannon  
Men scrambling down tunnel  
Heavy sledge hammering on wooden  
piles  
Door close  
Steps on wooden floor  
Door opening  
Steps across room  
Slight sound as knife cuts leather  
strips  
Horse effects off mike

ACT II

Horse effects  
Steps on ground of  
tunnel - scraping  
against walls  
Eight very loud explo-  
sions of great powder  
mine, in jumbled suc-  
cession - two hundred  
yards off  
Falling timbers and debris





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Brigadier-General William Mahone (about 38, observant, careful, but  
courageous)

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are questioned)

Orderly (Confederate, few lines)

Petty

Randy

Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside (about 40, inventive turn of mind,  
quiet, but commanding manner)

Major-General Orlando B. Willcox (about 41, serious in manner, pious)

Major-General Robert B. Potter (about 40, alert, practical man of  
action)

Orderly (Yankee, few lines)

Courier (Yankee, few lines)

Brigadier-General James H. Ledlie (middle-aged, fundamentally a  
coward)

Sergeant Henry Reese (young, brave)

Corporal Schmidt (nervous, frightened youngster)

Yankee soldier I (few lines)

Yankee soldier II (drawl - few lines)

REHEARSALS

Check with Mr. Williams





THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Presents

ROSES AND DRUMS -- Series III #11

"Petersburg Mine"

Sunday, November 18, 1934

5:00-5:30 P.M.

THEME

MASTER OF CEREMONIES:

Union Central Life presents ... "Roses and Drums" ... another episode in the story of the War Between the States. Today's romance brings another distinguished cast headed by Guy Bates Post, as General Grant, \_\_\_\_\_ as General Ambrose Burnside, and Joseph Spurin-Calleia as the Creole Confederate Commander, Beauregard.

The title of this episode ... "Petersburg Mine".

LOVE SENDS A LITTLE GIFT OF ROSES

ORCHESTRA

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (Over music)

"Roses and Drums" follows the romance of Betty Graham, Virginia girl spy, and two soldiers who are devoted to her, Captain Gordon Wright, now on the staff of General Grant, and Captain Randolph Claymore, of the Confederate Army.

Today we begin the authentic story of a unique and important engagement of the war, "The Battle of the Crater." For some weeks the armies of General Grant and General Lee have been deadlocked before Petersburg, Virginia. About this city the Union forces have dug a wide network of entrenchments. Now rumors have reached Petersburg that a vast mine is being dug under the Confederate defenses. The city and the Rebel forces are in a state of terrible apprehension, awaiting every moment to hear the shattering blast of a great explosion.

On to the play!

(DRUM ROLL)





ACT I

SCENE I

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (Over drum-roll and music)

It is July 25, 1864. Our scene is a murky underground passage dug close to Elliott's Salient, stronghold of the Confederate position. Two Union soldiers who were Pennsylvania Dutch miners before they enlisted, are carrying a heavy charge of powder into a chamber of the left lateral gallery. As they gingerly lower the pack of explosives, to the tunnel floor -

CARL (Older, slight Pennsylvania Dutch accent)

Dere ve are, Fritz! (GRUNTS) De last bag in place! (RUBS HIS HANDS TOGETHER)

FRITZ (Also Pennsylvania Dutch, young)

8,000 pounds o' powder in here!

CARL

Just one scratch of a match and pooff.... (LOOKING UP) dem Johnnies up above dere ----

FRITZ

... Dey get blown right up to Hemmel in de sky!

CARL

...if dot's de place vere Rebels is going! (ALARMED) Vatch out, Fritz ... your lamp! Keep it away from dot powder...or ve get exploded maybe.

(MUFFLED ROAR OF CANNON ABOVE)

FRITZ

I'm being careful. (LISTENS) Hear dot noise up above dere!

CARL

De Rebel cannon again! Feel de ground shake!





FRITZ

Let's get out o' dis magazine ... 'fore roof caves in on us.

(SOUNDS AS THEY START SCRAMBLING DOWN TUNNEL)

CARL (Puffing)

Dey put in beams to hold it up...but I ain't taking no chances.

FRITZ (Grunting)

Carl, ve'll never get done with digging underground.

CARL (Sighing)

Yes ... ve join dis army for a change ... an' here ve are, vorkin' in de mine, just like home.

FRITZ

Vell, ve vas safer ... back home. (NEW TONE) Here's de end of de gallery!

CARL (Perring)

Yes...little more light now! Fritz, look! ... Ain't dot ... vy, it's Colonel Pleasants!

FRITZ

... waiting for us ...

(FADE OUT CANNON)

COLONEL PLEASANTS (Slightly off mike)

Hello, you men. Get that charge placed?

CARL (Fading in, puffing)

Yes, Colonel. De last bag's in ... de last magazine.

PLEASANTS

Fine, Carl! All ready for tamping, then?

CARL

Yes sir.



PLEASANTS

Get your tamping squad together and we'll get this mine ready for action...at last!

CARL

I never thought de time would come, Colonel...an' dot's telling you de truth.

COLONEL

I had my doubts too, Carl.

FRITZ (Suddenly)

Look, Colonel! Some one dere walkin' up de main tunnel!

PLEASANTS (Slightly alarmed)

Why...I issued no permits! This work in here today must be kept secret....

CARL (Raising voice)

Who goes dere?

GORDON (Coming on mike)

Captain Wright...of General Grant's staff!

PLEASANTS (Relieved)

Oh, it's you, Captain! We're just finishing up this job...All eight magazines are charged ---

GORDON

That's good news, Colonel.

PLEASANTS

Best in six weeks! (TO MINERS) Start along, you men! Get your squad. Bring piles, hammers ... You know what you need.

CARL

Sure, ve know. And ve got de fuse all ready to lay.





PLEASANTS

Good...good!

CARL

Come along, Fritz.

(MINERS FADE WITH AD LIBS)

GORDON

Colonel Pleasants, I think the rain last night was all in your favor.

PLEASANTS

How so, Captain?

GORDON

The Confederates had to stop digging shafts, to locate our tunnels.  
Ground's too soggy now!

PLEASANTS

Do you know they've stopped digging, Captain?

GORDON

Yes, sir. I've just come from the Provost-Marshal. He's had word...  
He hopes the mine can be exploded...before the Rebels get hold of  
your revised blue-prints! Their agents are after them.

PLEASANTS

I know! I'd give the orders tomorrow, if I could. It was bad  
enough ... when that first map fell in their hands. I can't change  
the direction of these tunnels again!

GORDON (Lower tone)

You know, sir...they're going forward rapidly with their own mine!

PLEASANTS

I know, Captain ... trying to blow up our forts first! And they  
may, too. Headquarters can't seem to understand that...





GORDON

General Burnside understands.

PLEASANTS

But Meade keeps bringing up reasons for delay.

GORDON

The decision, after all, lies with General Grant.

PLEASANTS

Yes, Captain ... but Meade has been allowed to hamper my plans.  
(GROWING INDIGNANT) Why, in those eight magazines yonder I have only eight thousand pounds. I need fourteen thousand. I've had to use inadequate surveying instruments...makeshift wheelbarrows for hauling out the dirt ... had no proper mining picks....(SUMMING IT UP) Why, Captain, they've even begrudged me men for the work... with an army of sixty thousand lying idle here....

GORDON

I know. But I'm sure General Grant has gained confidence in your plan. He knows the mine will make a breach in the Confederate lines which could mean capture of the city. (LOWER TONE) He's just ordered Hancock and Sheridan North of the James River to draw off Rebel troops from Petersburg.

PLEASANTS (Considering, hopeful)

Why, that means there'll be only a small force in Petersburg to oppose our men when we explode the mine. (NEW TONE) That does sound as if Grant is counting on this manoeuver.

GORDON

I'm sure he is.



PLEASANTS

I knew General Grant would see it! ... Barring accidents, the mine's the surest and cheapest way to take Petersburg...and win this war!

(AD LIBS OF MINERS APPROACHING)

GORDON (Looking)

Here comes your squad, Colonel! Your miners!

CARL (Coming on mike)

Here we are, men. Now...dose piles...dose sledge hammers!

(AD LIBS FROM MINERS)

GORDON

They're going to pack in the powder charge now?

PLEASANTS

...Seal the magazine, Captain. Once that's done,---my job in here is finished until the moment we light the fuse.

CARL (Close to mike)

And dot's de moment, Colonel, ven I vant to be gone from out dis tunnel! (NEW TONE) Now then, poys. Sving dose hammers dere.

(AD LIBS)

(CALLING) Ein's! Zvei! Harder. Ein's Zwei!

(HE COUNTS IN RHYTHM TO HEAVY HAMMERS  
STRIKING PILES OVER GRUNTS AND AD LIBS)

(MUSIC TAKES UP RHYTHM. SEGUE TO  
CONFEDERATE THEME)

(END OF SCENE I)





General  
William Mahone,  
who led his  
Virginians  
at the Crater  
in one of the  
most glorious charges  
of the war.

ACT I

I - 7

SCENE II

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: (Over music)

Four days later, on July 29, within a fort of the Confederate defenses of Petersburg, Brigadier-General William Mahone sits at his headquarters desk. An orderly has just admitted General P. G. T. Beauregard, famous Creole commander.

(DOOR CLOSE)

(BEAUREGARD STEPS FADING IN)

MAHONE

I've been expecting you, General Beauregard.

BEAUREGARD

I have come from General Lee, sir. He is most anxious to know the progress...of our mine.

MAHONE (Slight laugh)

Progress, General, is not the word...just now. ...Won't you sit down?

BEAUREGARD

Thank you.

(SOUND OF CHAIR ON FLOOR)

Troubles then, Mahone?

MAHONE

General Beauregard...those fifteen hundred feet of ground between us and Fort Sedgewick were not intended by heaven for a tunnel. We've run into quick sand...deep-spreading tree-roots...broken stone...

BEAUREGARD

But you haven't run into ... the Union mine?





MAHONE (Slight laugh)

No, General! Evidently...the new Yankee tunnels are not in the direction we're digging----

BEAUREGARD

Hmm...that doesn't surprise me. (DELIBERATING) I'm inclined to believe our men who've been sinking shafts near Elliott's Salient are closer to the truth. They report they've heard sounds below ground there which could only be made by Yankee picks and shovels.

MAHONE

Possibly. But such noises are deceptive, General! And you will admit that with all the rumors our soldiers have had here, they'd take the gnawing of a mouse for Yankee miners!

BEAUREGARD (Quickly)

Then, you doubt the existence of this mine?

MAHONE

Not at all, not at all. I mean merely that Yankee miners burrow more cleverly...than moles! They take care to leave no marks...to make no sounds...by which they can be tracked.

BEAUREGARD

Our tunnelers have equal advantage there, General.

MAHONE

Precisely. That's why I've held to my first plan...to push through our counter mine and explode it first! Even if we do not destroy Fort Sedgwick, we might very well destroy their tunnels!

BEAUREGARD

Ah...the fact is...our mine is not ready to explode.



MAHONE (Regretfully)

It is only 500 feet long...as yet...

BEAUREGARD

We can not wait...no Mahone...(DELIBERATE) I'm convinced that our preparations now should be...above ground... We must make ready... for an attack!

MAHONE

But at what point?

BEAUREGARD

...At the point opposite where there were signs of Union digging! Elliott's Salient! (LOWER TONE) Mahone, those noises our diggers heard...have stopped! For two days now. That silence is ominous...

MAHONE

You think it means...

BEAUREGARD

...that the Yankee mine...is completed. That silence is so ominous that I've ordered a new line of intrenchments dug there, behind the position.

MAHONE

Then you think...the mine...is there.

BEAUREGARD

Yes! Naturally I do not believe the wild rumors that Grant has bored under all of Petersburg...But even our Veterans have listened. It is the unknown which terrorizes. The men fear one explosion will set off a chain of explosions...like a string of popping fire-crackers! I tell you...at the slightest rumble underground, there will be a panic!





MAHONE

I'm afraid...you're right. And it doesn't help to know that we have fewer men to hold the city than before.

BEAUREGARD ("The Fiery Creole" speaks)

A mistake! No troops should have been sent from Petersburg. I am sure Grant sent Hancock and Sheridan North of the James...as a ruse, General! From the first I questioned the wisdom of sending our troops to meet those Yankee divisions...

MAHONE (Hesitant)

But General Lee thought it advisable...

BEAUREGARD

Advisable? To leave only 13,000 men here to face Grant's 60,000?

(NEW TONE) Well, we shall see....

(DOOR OPENING)

ORDERLY (Fading in)

General Mahone...

MAHONE (Sharply)

Orderly...I told you not to interrupt us.

ORDERLY (Hesitantly)

Very well, sir...I thought... You see, it's alady, sir...

BEAUREGARD (Suddenly)

Here, General...I can see her...in the hall. It's Miss Graham...

MAHONE (Perversely)

Orderly, I told you to bring her in...

ORDERLY (Meekly)

Yes, sir. (OFF MIKE) Come in...Miss Graham...

BETTY (Coming on mike)

Gentlemen...I do have a reason...for this interruption....



BEAUREGARD

An interruption by so charming an aide -- is most welcome..

BETTY

Thank you, General Beauregard. But I'm 'fraid my news is not most welcome!

BEAUREGARD

Yes, MissGraham...?

BETTY

The Yankee troops are coming back across the James River...  
secretly!

MAHONE (Startled)

You mean those troops that seemed to be heading for Richmond?

BETTY

Yes, sir...Hancock's infantry...and Sheridan's cavalry....They're crossing by pontoon...rejoining Grant's main body out there in front of our defenses....

BEAUREGARD (Self-justified)

Ah ha! So it was ... just a ruse! (QUICKLY) You're sure of this, Miss Graham?

BETTY

I just talked with a Confederate scout who saw them....I think it means an attack, sir....

BEAUREGARD

So So I!

MAHONE

It does sound serious, General!

ORDERLY (Fading in)

Captain Claymore reporting, sir....





BETTY (Quickly)

He may have later news....

MAHONE

Bring in the captain, orderly.

RANDY (Coming on mike, excited, urgent tone)

General, we've seen movements in the Yankee lines... Looks like a new concentration...threatening our lines around Cemetery Hill...

BEAUREGARD

That confirms Miss Graham's report. (SHARPLY) Captain, where are you reporting from?

RANDY

From Elliott's Salient, sir, close to Cemetery Hill.

BEAUREGARD

Go back and inform the commander...his men must be made ready... for anything!

RANDY

Yes, sir.

BEAUREGARD

And Miss Graham...I suggest you accompany the captain...and convey your news in person.

BETTY

I shall, sir.

MAHONE (Reflective tone, closer to mike)

Perhaps this night will tell us...if that Yankee mine...is a fact or a fable...

(MUSIC)

(END OF SCENE II)



ACT ISCENE III

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: (Over music)

In the Union camp before Petersburg the same day, a momentous council is taking place. In the headquarters tent General Ambrose Burnside and two of his division commanders, Potter and Willecox, await General Grant.

BURNSIDE

Gentlemen...there's one factor we can count on. The very noise of our mine explosion will scare the wits out of the Rebels.

WILLCOX (Pious, given to Biblical turns of thought; about 42)

Good Biblical precedent there, General. Didn't the blast of trumpets help Joshua take Jericho?

BURNSIDE (Impatiently)

Yes...well that explosion won't remind you of Biblical trumpets, Willecox. It'll sound more like the end of the world.

POTTER (Younger, practical man of action)

But I wonder if it won't demoralize our colored troops too, Burnside.

BURNSIDE

Potter, they're prepared for this explosion...the enemy isn't...

WILLCOX

Well...they're prepared...to fight! or ought to be. The way Ferrero's been drilling 'em for the past six weeks.

POTTER

I think they're in better condition than any other troops in the Army of the Potomac...





BURNSIDE

Exactly my idea, Potter. They haven't fought all the way from the Rapidan to Petersburg...like the rest of our men. They're fresh... and they're on their mettle.

WILCOX (Thoughtfully)

Of course some officers...feel it's...wrong...to place the colored troops in the front rank...for such a dangerous operation.

BURNSIDE

Meade's opinion! He's 'fraid we'll be accused of forgetting that the North is fighting to save the black man...

POTTER

Well, the darkies aren't complaining!

(AD LIBS OFF MIKE)

ORDERLY (Fading in)

General Burnside...courier outside!

BURNSIDE

Courier? I was expecting General Grant.

ORDERLY

He hasn't arrived. This courier's from General Meade...sir.

BURNSIDE

Oh...(NEW TONE) Well, send him in!

COURIER

Despatch from General Meade, sir.

(SOUND OF PAPER)

BURNSIDE

Thank you! (MUTTERING) Pretty late in the day to get new orders....

(READING SHARPLY) What's this? Why, it's enough to turn you gray!



WILLCOX

What is it, General?

BURNSIDE

Courier, tell General Meade that as he is my superior ... I shall carry out his orders!

COURIER

Is that all, General?

BURNSIDE

Is that all, General?

BURNSIDE

That's all!

COURIER (Fading)

Very well, sir.

BURNSIDE (Bitterly)

Gentlemen...General Meade has ordered me to place the colored troops in reserve...for the advance to follow up the mine explosion.

POTTER (Quietly)

What troops then...will have the place of honor, sir?

BURNSIDE

I suppose...one of my three white...divisions. Yours Potter, or Willcox's...or Ledlies'....

POTTER

Make it mine, sir!

BURNSIDE (Carefully)

No...no...Potter. As General Meade is so greatly impressed with the risks of this advance, I don't like to assume responsibility for the choice.





POTTER

But...you must choose, sir... You're in command of this corps...

BURNSIDE

Yes...(GETTING AN IDEA) But I want all three of you here...yes!

Where's Ledlie? (CALLING OUT) Orderly! We must do this in a proper and just manner, gentlemen. (CALLING AGAIN) Orderly...

(HORSE EFFECT OFF MIKE)

ORDERLY (Fading in)

General Burnside...General Ledlie has ridden up, sir.

BURNSIDE

Ah...speak of the devil...and Ledlie arrives...

LEDLIE (Fading in)

Did I hear...my name?

BURNSIDE (Solemn)

I was about to send for you, General Ledlie. We've just had orders to pick one of our regular divisions to lead the attack... tomorrow!

LEDLIE (Uneasily...surprised)

But I thought Ferrero's colored troops....

BURNSIDE (Drily)

So did I! We were wrong! A choice confronts us!

WILLCOX

I'm quite willing to be the instrument of Providence...

BURNSIDE (Taken by the word)

... Providence! Yes, General! I think this choice is momentous enough...to rest in the hands of Providence. I propose that we decide...by drawing lots...

(AD LIB MURMUR OF SLIGHT SURPRISE)



BURNSIDE (CONT'D)

(LOOKING AROUND) Let's see now...what's a good way to do this.

Ah! the very thing. (RISES, CROSSES ROOM) Those leather fringes on my saddle...I'll just snip...three of these strips off...with my pocket-knife...

(SLIGHT SOUND AS HIS KNIFE CUTS LEATHER)

Here... Now then, gentlemen.

(SOUND OF STEPS BACK TO DESK)

WILLCOX

But...they're the same length, General.

POTTER

But if you'd just drop a bit of that sealing wax on one of them...

BURNSIDE

Sealing wax... Red... a suitable color... Potter, will you just soften the wax...hold it over that lamp there...thank you! (NEW TONE) Now you understand the terms, Gentlemen?...Whoever draws the leather strip, marked with the red spot--

(AD LIB ASSENT)

Will you step closer, Gentlemen?

(AD LIBS -- SOUND OF MEN CROSSING TO DESK)

I'll just arrange the three strips now -----

WILLCOX (Humble, suggesting)

General, you could place them there, in the pages of that Bible...

BURNSIDE

Yes, Willcox. I shall...(DOING IT) Now here we have our three strips...projecting evenly from the pages.

LEDLIE (Nervously)

We should have a cauldron...for this scene of incantation...there should be witches...





BURNSIDE

Tomorrow, Ledlie, may bring a scene of blacker confusion than  
Macbeth's witches dreamed of. ... Gentlemen...your choice...  
Potter...you first...

POTTER (Drawing)

Thank you...

BURNSIDE

Now Willcox...

WILLCOX

Yes, General...

BURNSIDE

The last is yours, Ledlie

LEDLIE

Thank you, General.

BURNSIDE

Now, if you've all examined the strips ... The chosen man will  
speak.

LEDLIE

(SLIGHT GASP) The choice...has fallen on me!

(HORSE EFFECT - OFF MIKE - AD LIBS)

BURNSIDE

It is an honor, Ledlie...that Providence has bestowed!

LEDLIE (Softly)

I...shall try to prove worthy!

ORDERLY (Fading in)

General Grant has ridden up, sir!

(MURMUR -- "GENERAL GRANT" -- "MUST BE FINAL  
ORDERS" -- etc.)



BURNSIDE

Come in, General Grant!

GRANT (Fading in)

Hello, Burnside...gentlemen...Why...what's up?...You look solemn as owls!

BURNSIDE (Soberly)

My division commanders have just drawn lots for the place of honor...in tomorrow's attack!

LEDLIE

I...have been chosen, General Grant!

GRANT

Congratulations, Ledlie! (RAISING VOICE) I guess we all realize what tomorrow means! Gentlemen, I've hung back on this mine business. I've been skeptical. I admit it. But Colonel Pleasants and his Pennsylvania miners have done the job. We know the Rebels are scared green. When they hear that mine blast they'll run like rabbits. (DROP TONE) One determined drive through the breach and we'll have Petersburg. It's our cheapest chance to win the war.

BURNSIDE

Ledlie, you have a responsibility!

LEDLIE (Low voice)

I hope...to fulfil it.

GRANT (Tersely)

Final orders for the placement of troops will be issued within the hour! The explosion will take place at 3:30 A.M.





BURNSIDE

All arrangements...?

GRANT

Colonel Pleasants is ready! I've lent him Captain Wright of my staff to supervise the lighting of the fuse! (VOICE UP) Before down, Gentlemen, a lot of Rebels sleeping sweetly across there in Elliott's Salient, will wake up a hundred feet in the air!

(MUSIC)

(END OF ACT I)



THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

November 18, 1934

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MASTER OF CEREMONIES:

While we shift the scenes for the second act of Roses and Drums, we present again, Daniel Stark, whose experienced counsel on life insurance has become a popular feature of this program ...

Daniel Stark.

STARK:

Good afternoon, friends ....

(Pause)

You know, it always cheers me up to meet a man like Bob Harding who seems able to succeed in spite of what general business conditions happen to be.. He said to me recently:

HARDING:

Dan, I'm doing so well at my business here that I don't think I need any more life insurance. You know I've built up this little company to a point where I'm making 8 per cent on my investment today.

STARK:

8 per cent! And on the open market money is worth only 3 per cent! Why, you're earning an extra 5 per cent, Bob.

HARDING:

That's right. You see why I don't need to put my money in life insurance.

STARK:

Yes, I can see why you don't, Bob ... I was just wondering if your wife and children could earn that extra 5 per cent ... in case you were taken out of the picture.



THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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MIDDLE COMMERCIAL - 2

HARDING:

Why, no, of course not. But ...

STARK:

Bob, how would you like to insure that ability of yours to make the extra 5 per cent -- keep most of your earnings coming in regularly to your family every month ... no matter what happens to you?

HARDING:

Fine, but I don't want to put that much into life insurance. I need it in the business.

STARK:

That's right, Bob. But this new kind of life insurance will do the complete job for the amount you have available. It's called the Multiple Protection Plan.

ANNOUNCER:

Yes, Multiple Protection, because it pays your family's monthly bills until the children are grown, then makes your wife financially independent; or, if you're living, provides a savings fund for yourself. Plan, because it gathers together all these needed kinds of protection in a single policy that you can actually afford right now.

You can get full details on this plan simply by mailing a card with your name and address on it to the Union Central Life Insurance Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. You will receive a new, easy-to-understand booklet that shows clearly just how the Multiple Protection Plan can help you. (OVER)





THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

November 18, 1934

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL - 3

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D):

The address: U-N-I-O-N, Union ... C-E-N-T-R-A-L, Central  
... The Union Central Life Insurance Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

And now ... the second act of Roses and Drums!

DRUM ROLL



ACT II

SCENE I

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: (Over drum roll and music)

We are again in the lines before Petersburg, the fateful morning of July 30, 1864. In the chill of the hours before dawn, Union troops of General Ledlie's division are waiting to advance at the signal agreed upon - the explosion of the great mine under the Confederate works. Moving down the lines now are two Pennsylvania Dutch soldiers whom we met earlier.

(QUIET AD LIBS OF TROOPS)

CARL (FADING IN)  
to  
Vell, poys, so de fight is ready/commence, already!

FRITZ (FADING IN)  
Now dey blow up all de diggin' we done. Such a life !

YANKEE I  
Here, sit down and keep still, you Dutchmen! Everything was nice and quiet here till you fellows started digging that mine! Now we've got to fight again!

CARL  
Vell, ve got to fight too. Vy you complaining?

YANKEE II (Languid, tired)  
Can't you stop talking! In fifteen minutes we'll all be dead probably.

FRITZ (Struck by thought)  
Dot's de truth! Did you tink of dot, Carl?

CARL  
Vot you tink I tinkin' den? (SUDDENLY, ANXIOUSLY) Look -- Rebels --





YANKEE I

The Johnnies over yonder ... they're moving!

FRITZ (Looking)

Dot's just ... some sentries ... walkin' dere posts.

CARL (Reassured)

Guess dey ain't suspicion nothings!

YANKEE I

Don't look like it! What time is it, Carl?

CARL

Time? I should carry a watch ...for somebody to steal if I git kilt!

(HORSES ... AD LIBS)

YANKEE II (Looking, sotto)

Look - a party of Union officers riding up! Over there!

CARL

Stopping under de tree - behind the lines. (QUICKLY) Why, Fritz, dot's General Grant!

YANKEE I (Excited)

Colonel Pleasants with him ...

(FADE ON PANEL)

CARL

Dot means business! Oh poys, dot mine she blows up for sure ... now. We ain't got long to wait ... on dis earth, poys ...

(FADE IN SCENE ON PANEL)

GENERAL GRANT

Pleasants, I'll admit this waiting's got me on edge too!

PLEASANTS (Nervously)

General Grant ... you haven't got a ... whisky flask?

GRANT

No ... not this morning ... didn't think we'd be needing it!



PLEASANTS

Well I need a pull ... now! General, I can't understand why the mine hasn't exploded!

GRANT (Attempting to calm him)

Oh, a few minutes ... more or less ... don't matter, Pleasants.

PLEASANTS (Fretting)

But why hasn't Captain Wright returned? He was to report to me ... the minute the fuse was lit.

GRANT

He'll be here! Now ... calm yourself, Colonel! You took four weeks to dig your mine ... and here you can't wait six minutes for it to go off!

PLEASANTS

Six minutes! We should have heard that blast thirty minutes ago! (SIGH) Waiting's harder than digging, general! For an engineer.

GRANT

For anybody, Pleasants.

PLEASANTS

I s'pose so! (WORRYING OVER ANOTHER IDEA) General Grant, have you got confidence in Ledlie?

GRANT

Good record, far's I know. Burnside chose him ... to lead the charge ...

PLEASANTS (Meaningfully)

By lot, I understand ...

GRANT

Well, yes ... but Colonel ... it's a dangerous assignment ... The first troops will run into heavy fire ...



PLEASANTS

Yes, it won't be easy going ... through the breach our explosion will make! (LOWER TONE) I hope the reports of the Rebel mine aren't true!

GRANT

Rebel mine - what about it?

PLEASANTS

We've had word from the Provost Marshal that Mahone's hoping to explode his counter-mine ahead of us ...

GRANT

But I thought their deserters said it wasn't finished.

PLEASANTS

We're not sure - they figure the explosion would smash our tunnels. It might too!

GRANT

All rumors! (SLOWLY) But I confess, I'd like to hear a noise from our mine!

PLEASANTS (Decisively)

General, our time limit is up! Something's happened in there. I'm going back to the tunnel ...

GRANT (Quickly)

Wait, Colonel ... Here's your Captain Wright ... now ...

PLEASANTS (Looking, relieved)

Why so it is! And Sergeant Rees with him!

GORDON (Fading in)

General Grant, sir!

GRANT

Well, captain!





GORDON (Agitated)

We don't ... know sir! The fuse was lit, Colonel ...

REES

Thirty-five minutes ago!

GRANT

You saw to that, Captain Wright?

GORDON

Yes, sir. I lit it!

GRANT

Colonel, how long are the tunnels?

PLEASANTS

Five hundred feet ... to the magazines ...

GRANT

How fast should the spark travel along the fuse?

PLEASANTS

Fast enough to reach the powder long ago, general. If my directions were followed -

GORDON

We used every care, Colonel! Rees here, and Jacob Douty were with me.

GRANT (Quickly)

Colonel ... they know their business, of course?

PLEASANTS

Yes ... they're experts. (CONSIDERING) Yet that mine ... is still silent! (DECISIVELY) General Grant, something's got to be done!

GORDON

I agree, sir.

GRANT (Considering)

Ha, something...



PLEASANTS

General, I'll have to send men down in that tunnel ... to find out what's wrong ...

GRANT (Quickly)

But look here, Pleasants! You can't do that! You've lit your fuse .... That mine's liable to blow up ... just in time to take off their heads.

PLEASANTS

Can't stand back for that, sir. Everything else is ready for the assault! (PASSIONATELY) I can't let my mine ... turn out a fiasco! We've got to find the trouble!

GRANT

Well, Pleasants if you're sure something's wrong -

PLEASANTS

I'm sure ...now!

REES (Suggesting, unobtrusively)

Perhaps the fuse wasn't laid properly, sir. In the tunnel!

PLEASANTS

I thought of that Rees! General, we've got to call for volunteers to go in there ... and ...

GORDON

Colonel Pleasants ... You won't have to call for volunteers. I'm ready to go in the tunnel now ... and find out what's wrong ...

PLEASANTS

You, captain?

REES

I'm ready too, sir.

PLEASANTS

I sec, Rees!



# A POWDER MINE HERO.

## A THRILLING INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

### How a Common Soldier Accomplished an Undertaking Without Parallel in the Annals of Military Mining—Running an Awful Risk.

When the civil war alarm burst upon the country, in 1861, the miners of the upper Schuylkill region, in the mountains of Pennsylvania, made up a regiment, the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Reserve. In the ranks of Company K was Harry Reese, a young man without pretensions but filled with that quiet ardor that does not flash and fade. The Forty-eighth served in the early battles of Virginia and in the southwest, in Mississippi and Tennessee, and when the siege of Petersburg began, in June, 1864, the ranks of its thousand stalwart miners had been thinned out by bullets and the hardships of camp and march to a couple of hundred, and these, though bronzed and soldierly looking, were not the men of 1861, for fever and privation make waste with the strongest bodies.

Reese was yet but a common soldier, although he had won the chevrons of a sergeant, one rank below an officer. When Grant brought the army to the trenches before Petersburg that summer the ten little bands of the Forty-eighth, numbering about twenty men each, were placed in the front line, opposite the most important fort the Confederates had for the protection of the city. It had cost our army 15,000 men to get up near that fort, and if it could be destroyed it was believed that we could march into Petersburg. We had spent ten days trying to carry the position by regular assault, and at the rate we were losing men we could throw them all away and make no progress. These miners were so far front that they could hear the enemy talk in their works, and one day—or night, rather—a sort of neighborly council was held in the camp of the Forty-eighth, and some one proposed to destroy the stubborn stronghold that blocked the way by digging a tunnel from their works to a point right under the fort and exploding a powder magazine there that would tear all above it to ruins.

#### A PLAN PROPOSED.

It was all bluster to begin with, but Sergt. Reese caught up the idea earnestly. He fixed upon a plan and laid it before his superiors, promising that the actual labor of the mine should be performed at all hazards. Finally he enlisted the colonel of the regiment, and that officer, being an engineer, approved the scheme, and had sufficient influence to get permission from headquarters to begin the tunnel. But it was permission only. The higher powers did not furnish implements nor extend any encouragement. Reese and about a score of his fellows took some common camp tools, with empty cracker boxes for barrows, and dug the earth in small quantities, and at night carried it away out of sight of the enemy. As the tunnel grew in length the work became more difficult. There was greater bulk of earth to conceal, and the shaft was dark and close. It would not do to open an air shaft to the surface above them, because the Confederates who occupied the ground would discover it and defeat the scheme.

The space between the Union and Confederate lines under which they were tunneling was occupied by sharpshooters, and all day and at night, whenever the air was clear, the bullets did their deadly work whenever a soldier exposed a target. The amount of matter taken out of the excavation was 18,000 cubic feet, over 500 cubic feet for every rod, and all of this had to be concealed as fast as it came out, by filling it into little ravines

and sunken spots behind the works. And then the movement had to be held a secret away from all Union soldiers that were not in the mining party, because these men were frequently captured on the outposts and the enemy could force some weak prisoner to let out his secret information.

#### AN AWFUL UNDERTAKING.

The fear of detection from the ground overhead also compelled the men to work in the close shaft without air from the surface. The smallest aperture could not be made overhead without danger of its being found by some Confederate scouts or pickets. All of the fresh air let into the tunnel came through a wooden tube running from the mouth of the shaft and having a partition so arranged as to carry a foil air current away and bring in a supply of fresh air, and the circulating movement was kept up by a fire burned constantly at the mouth of the shaft to set the air in motion. This contrivance was a help, but for all that the miners became faint from the fatigue and foul air, and the hard work disabled them in about two hours, and they had to go into the tunnel in reliefs and be cheered and encouraged at every step. It had looked easier on the start than it really proved to be to run a shaft so far into the earth without ventilation and without mechanical appliances.

The soul of the enterprise at this hour of discouragement was Reese, who labored almost incessantly with the men and smoothed over every obstacle and silenced every doubt. The distance to be covered was over 500 feet, and such an undertaking had no precedent in mining annals. The experienced engineers of the army laughed at it and the generals in command refused to commit themselves to it until its projectors should prove its feasibility, and that could be done in this case by the fact accomplished only.

At the end of the first half of the shaft the tunnelers ran upon a bed of quicksand and it was impossible to work through it, for it would cave in and fill up the shaft as fast as men could shovel it out. The work stopped for a time. The surface of the earth above was a thick layer of clay, and Reese thought that by curving the shaft upward until the clay was its roof he could cross the sand bed and then descend to a depth to bring them underneath the fort. This delicate work was accomplished by Reese almost alone. The possibility of being heard by the Confederates up over them while they worked close to that shell of a roof made this the most difficult of all the operations. In fact the work was heard, and the enemy sent out men to probe the ground with long pikes, but our own marksmen bothered them so much with bullets that they failed to get their pikes into the tunnel.

#### THE COMMANDER'S COMPLIMENT.

The commanding general now visited the mine and complimented the faithful miner for his triumph. From that time forward the generals began to have soldiers and cannon ready to advance over the wreck immediately after the explosion and secure the heights that protected Petersburg. The enthusiasm of Reese extended over the regiment at last, and willing workers came from every company to help the hazardous enterprise along. The immediate dangers were many, for the miners had reached the first line of Confederate breastworks where there were hundreds of men and cannon and horses over them, besides the concussion of the heavy cannonading continually shaking the whole region like the tremors of an earthquake. Should the earth cave in upon the miners they would be beyond reach of succor from our line, and any who survived would be liable to execution at the hands of the enemy, for although mining is resorted to in all wars it is outlawed by the recognized code, and miners, like spies, forfeit their lives if caught. Again, the enemy might detect the work here and place torpedoes with magazines in the way of the tunnelers.

Countering was begun for this purpose while the miners were working under the main fort, but the shafts made by the Confederates were about twenty feet out of the way and failed to detect the stealthy labors going on so close at hand.

At length the estimated distance had been tunneled and chambers were prepared for the explosives. The commander of the army had put his forces in readiness to go forward, and all the attention was fixed upon this point. The patience of the leaders was at full strain; the workmen in the mine were exhausted, while yet they were jubilant over the completion of the task. Suddenly it was seen that a mistake in measurement of about nine yards had placed the chambers outside the Confederate fort, and not under it. The enterprise would fail. So sensitive were all concerned because of the criticisms and ridicule the strange project had called forth that there was not an officer with the moral courage to face the chiefs and reveal the unwelcome truth. Reese got men pledged for another effort and then went to headquarters and asked for three days to complete the extensions. The new difficulty shattered the faith of the generals, but the work was finished ahead of time and the powder was laid, and thus a second time Reese had saved the whole enterprise.

Now 20,000 men with cavalry and batteries were placed in waiting, and at last it seemed as though by a master stroke Lee's powerful walls and armament would be shivered to a useless mass. Petersburg would fall, and the goal of three years' campaigning around Richmond would be reached, for Richmond and Petersburg must stand or fall together.

#### A MOMENT OF DREAD.

The hour for the explosion was at daylight. The army and every leader in it was awake waiting for the great event. The minute hand moved on fifteen, twenty minutes, and the explosion did not come. Reese had lit the fuse. Gen. Grant, the most anxious of them all, went personally to the quarters of Gen. Meade to know the cause of delay. The morning's full light would reveal to Lee these massed columns, and the movement of surprise would be forestalled. Gen. Meade sent two aids to Gen. Burnside, in command of the line at the mine, and at 4:15 a. m. he telegraphed over a special field wire laid for the occasion. The dispatch read:

"Is there any difficulty in exploding the mine? It is three-quarters of an hour late."

Half a ton of powder was packed in cells beneath the fort and a fuse running through a powder trough was burning slowly toward the fatal spot. The long fuse had been spliced and might burn unevenly. A delay of even ten minutes now could defeat all. At 4:20 Gen. Meade's message was repeated, and at 4:35 one came still more urgent stating that Gen. Grant was waiting to know if the mine could not be exploded in order to determine other projects of assault. Following that, within a minute, came an order from Gen. Grant to make an assault regardless of the mine. Gen. Meade put it in this shape.

"The commanding general directs, if your mine has failed, that you make assault at once."

A group of the miners huddled at the mouth of the shaft, and with them Reese, the first to put spade to the work and the last to come out after the magazines were filled and fire put to fuse. The mine was now his—his if it should fail, his to be ridiculed, to be a byword and a gazing stock. Fail? It had failed! Daylight was upon us; the enemy was arousing; his men, under arms, were walking about across the lines only 100 rods away.

#### INTO THE HORRIBLE PIT.

Reese drew his soldier's clasp dirk, and, turning to a fellow, said:

"I am going into the mine. If it don't blow up give me time to reach the last splice, and then you come to me with fresh fuse and twine."

Continued on reverse of next page.



GORDON

And I think Douty will join us!

PLEASANTS

I see, Rees. Well, what do you say, General Grant?

GRANT

You men understand the risk you're taking...

GORDON

Yes sir! And we're taking it, General Grant ...

(MUSIC ... FIVE SECONDS)

(FADE IN ON PANEL ... SCENE II)

REES

Can you see, Captain Wright?

GORDON

Yes, Rees, these mining lamps will light us down the tunnel.

(STEPS - ON GROUND OF TUNNEL - SCRAPING  
AGAINST WALLS - ECHOING EFFECT OF VOICES)

CORPORAL SCHMIDT (Younger, frightened)

Light us? Blow us up, Captain. One spark in here would ... start ...

GORDON (Tersely)

These lamps are safe, corporal! I wish Douty were here!

REES

He'll be along, captain! Look, here's the fuse ... it's been burned  
all right ... See those ashes there ...

GORDON

Yes, Rees ... perfect chain of ashes. We'd better follow along ...

CORPORAL SCHMIDT (Nervously)

But if it's still burning ahead...there'll be an explosion soon ...

He goes into the tunnel with resolute caution, following up the telltale streak of black ashes that show that the fuse is burning its way toward that train of flashing powder which opens to the sulphur chambers beyond. Any second the fire may reach there and set the whole mine aflame, letting the little world overhead down into this horrible pit. At last, just ahead of him, the brave miner sees the uncharged fuse; it may have a fire spark or not; one fire spark hidden in that powder cord is enough to set the train ablaze and engulf him in tongues of flame, giving him a tomb beyond the reach of men.

What a toy of elements is a human creature in such moments? Reese knows this. A man who handles powder cannot for one instant lose the keen consciousness of its quick and terrible power when the connecting flash is struck. He knows all, yet presses on, reaches far ahead, and with a blow of his sharp blade severs the cord; danger for that moment is over.

The delay of burning had been caused by a splice in the cord where it had been wound so tightly that the fire couldn't eat through freely. He made a new, short fuse for quick work, relit the flashing string and escaped to the mouth of the tunnel just as the magazine exploded, its chambers carrying everything up with it and spreading a mass of ruins where the armament of Lee had stood grim and threatening in the morning light a moment before.—George L. Kilmer in New York Mail and Express.

Thomson June 4 1888.

Dear Friend Brunson

Your favor of recent date asking me whether I was commissioned as a local Coal & Iron police &c is at hand.

In reply would say that I was first commissioned in 1872 as policeman for the Mineral Coal Co. with Jurisdiction in Northumberland, Schuylkill, Columbia & Montour Counties - I still hold that commission. The Union Coal Company now own three collieries that were then owned by the Mineral Co. they are Hickory Ridge, Hickory Swamp & Green Ridge Collieries.

I served process of eviction on half a dozen tenants of said Collieries in 1885 during a strike for higher wages when the men were idle four or five months afterwards going back to work on smaller wages than before. Two of these tenants I remember their names are Dennis Cannon & Robert Graham service was dated July 25 1885. Edwin Ludlow was Superintendent at these Collieries at that time. A. J. Waver was a Coal & Iron Policeman & was regularly as a special policeman for these collieries for a





interest in it.

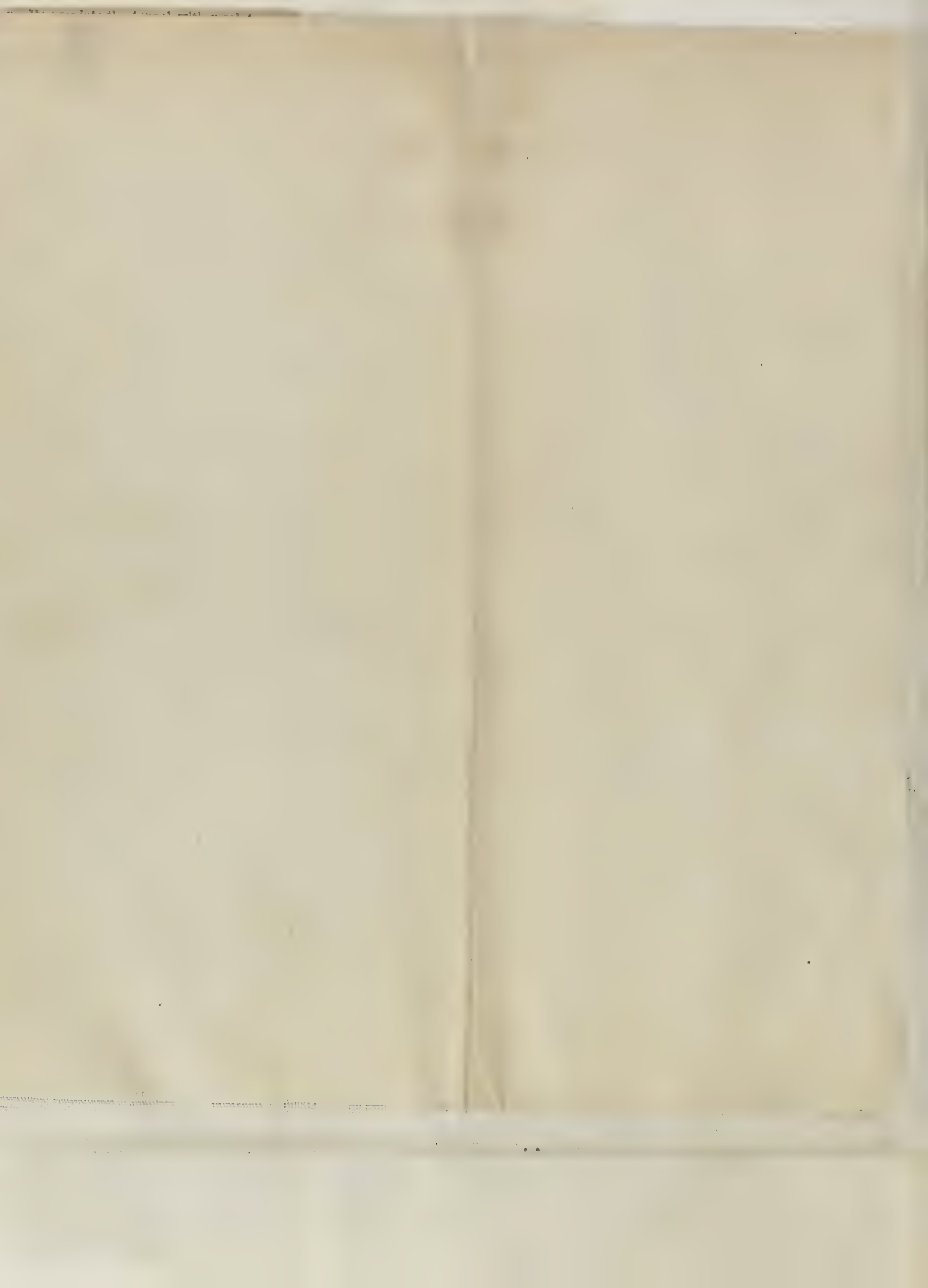
With best wishes for your success.

I remain your old friend

Harry Reese

THIS LETTER IS THE GIFT TO THE POTTSVILLE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY  
OF MISS SUSAN BRUM. HER FATHER, JUDGE BRUM THE RECIPIENT,  
WAS A SCHOOLMATE OF HARRY REESE AND A MEMBER OF COMPANY K,  
AS WELL.





GORDON

If it were burning right ... it would have exploded before ... Come along ... men ...

(SOUND OF THEIR STEPS)

REES

Dark as a pocket ... these lamps are too dim!

SCHMIDT (Anxiously, calling out)

Don't light a match, Rees!

GORDON (Sharply)

Nobody's lighting a match! (EXCITED) Here, Rees ... look ... the fuse has burnt unevenly ... See. This under side didn't burn at all....

REES (Bending close)

That's so! Do you think there's any chance that ...

SCHMIDT (A little hysterical)

I tell you, if that fuse is still burning ... we'll never get out of here alive!

GORDON (Calmly)

No? And suppose we don't?

SCHMIDT

But, Captain....

GORDON

If you want to go back, you can!

SCHMIDT

Of ... course ... I'll stay!

GORDON

Then stop complaining!



REES (Low voice)

Captain Wright, I think we're close to the trouble now ... these ashes ... still burnt ashes unevenly!

GORDON

Yes, I see! Come along, Corporal....I need your light...

(MORE STEPS)

SCHMIDT

Y-yes, sir!

REES (Tensely)

Captain Wright! Dirt's fallen in here ... caved in ...

GORDON

Yes ... fell on the fuse ...

REES

Why look, the fuse is parted, right here!

GORDON

Broken ... That's the trouble, Rees!

REES

Yes. (Fading) I'll see if the fuse is intact further down! Seems to be ... so far.

SCHMIDT (Relieved)

That fuse ... is out ... thank Heaven!

GORDON (Sharp reproof)

You thank heaven, corporal ... for holding back the assault a whole hour? (FADING, AS HE BENDS OVER) Let me have a look at that fuse ...

SCHMIDT (Assumed carelessness)

Well I guess we can go back now and report ... Jacob Douty can repair that break ... when he gets here with his equipment ...





GORDON (Quickly)

What are you talking about? We aren't leaving this job to anybody!

REES (Fading back in)

Captain, the fuse seems to be intact down to the powder charge.

GORDON

Yes? (PAUSE) Then we'll just ... relight it ... now ...

SCHMIDT (Protesting, alarmed)

Light it, captain? But we're only ... sixty feet from the powder!

GRANT (Calmly)

Fifty feet, I think, corporal ...(TURNING) Rees, have you a match?

REES (Handing it to him)

Here, captain.

SCHMIDT (Frantic protest)

Are you insane? We can't go all the way back up that tunnel before the fuse reaches (WAILING) those four tons of powder ...

GORDON (Commanding)

Will ... you ... keep ... quiet? (TOUCHES MATCH TO FUSE) There, Rees, she's burning ...

REES

Nice and even, Captain! Nothing will stop it this time....

(FADE ON PANEL)

SCHMIDT

Don't wait to watch ... Good Lord ... let's get out ...

GORDON

All right, get out! (CALM INTEREST) Yes, it's burning nice and even, Rees! That fuse won't go out this time!

(MUSIC - FIVE SECONDS)



(FADE IN ON PANEL ... SCENE III)

(SOUND OF GRANT'S WHITTLLING ON STICK)

GENERAL GRANT (Nervously)

What's the time, now, Colonel Pleasants?

PLEASANTS

Four thirty-three, sir!

GRANT

And still no explosion!

ORDERLY (Fading in)

General Grant! Reporting from General Burnside. When will the mine ...?

GRANT (Sharply)

Go back and ask him, orderly.

ORDERLY (fading)

Ye...yes, General Grant!

PLEASANTS (Fuming)

And Captain Wright still hasn't come back ...

GRANT

You keep repeating that, Colonel ...

PLEASANTS (Discouraged)

Well ... maybe the Rebels aren't going to be blown up ... today.

GRANT (Steadily)

You should practise the art of whittling Colonel! Look here ...I've cut a ring round this hickory stick ... for every fort defending Petersburg ... (EXPLAINING) Now this one ... here ...



PLEASANTS (Agitated, looking off)

General, isn't that some one running ... out of the entrance to the mine over there ...

GRANT (Straining to look)

Can't make him out ... Pleasants ... it's still dark ... Where did you say the fellow was?

PLEASANTS

I thought I saw him right at the opening of the mine ...

(TERRIFIC ROAR AS EIGHT MAGAZINES EXPLODE  
IN JUMBLED SUCCESSION...ABOUT TWO HUNDRED  
YARDS FROM WHERE THEY ARE)

GRANT (Excited, shouting)

There goes your mine ... Pleasants!

PLEASANTS

Good Lord!

GRANT

Look at it go up! Taking tons of earth!

(SOUND OF FALLING TIMBERS AND DEBRIS)

(CRIES OF WOUNDED MEN IN DISTANCE)

PLEASANTS (Looking to left)

And Rebels with it! Look at your men now, charging for that huge crater ...

(YELLS OF LEDLIE'S TROOPS)

GRANT

Swarming through the breach! (EXULTANT) Now Pleasants, we'll see what flag's going to fly over Petersburg!





The sham battle explosion was  
fired not in the historic Crater  
but in a trench in front of it.

(MUSIC - MINE THEME - SEGUE TO "AMERICA")

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: (over music)

The next episode of "Roses and Drums" next Sunday, will bring you the dramatic sequel to this authentic story of a decisive battle in the great summer campaign of 1864. In that battle accident and heroism played dual roles to bring a result beyond the calculations of any of its great directing military minds. The same brilliant cast will complete this drama of a conflict unique in history ... the "Battle of the Crater".

(PAUSE)



Fierce hand-to-hand fighting and a tremendous artillery duel marked the battle after 15,000 Union soldiers had poured into the breach in the Confederate lines. This scene represents the charge of Wright's Brigade under the Stars and Bars as the Union soldiers gradually were driven back and the forces jammed in the Crater were surrounded. Virginia Military Institute cadets and Virginia National Guardsmen represented the Confederate forces.

*At the Left*—T. N. Mayo of Norfolk, 92 years old, watching the re-enactment of the battle in which he fought as a Confederate soldier nearly seventy-three years ago.



THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

November 18, 1934

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER:

Here's a question for the young fathers listening to this program: If you should die tomorrow, could your family live on the income from the life insurance you now own, plus your investments at 3 or 4 per cent?

If the answer is "no", there is a way to get the complete protection you would like to have both for your family's future and your own. You can get this in one contract, and at a cost you can easily afford right now.

The Multiple Protection Plan will do all these things for you. Multiple Protection, because it pays your family's monthly bills until the children are grown, then makes your wife financially independent; or, if you're living, provides a savings fund for yourself. Plan, because it gathers together all these needed kinds of protection in a single policy that you can actually afford right now.

All the facts about this new plan are contained in an easy-to-understand booklet which will be sent to you free. To get the booklet, just write your name and address on a post card and mail it to The Union Central Life Insurance Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. That's the name ... U-N-I-O-N, Union ... C-E-N-T-R-A-L, Central ... The Union Central Life Insurance Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MUSIC: "LOVE SENDS A LITTLE GIFT OF ROSES"

(OVER)





THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

November 18, 1934

CLOSING COMMERCIAL - 2

ANNOUNCER:

"Roses and Drums" is brought to you by the Union Central Life Insurance Company, one of America's great life insurance companies. Next week, another stirring episode of "Roses and Drums" entitled "The Battle of the Crater", featuring an all-star cast ... Like the episode you have just heard, it will be checked for historical accuracy by Dr. M. W. Jernegan, Professor of American History at the University of Chicago.

Send today for the booklet explaining the Multiple Protection Plan ... Just mail your request on a card to the Union Central Life Insurance Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THEME

This is the National Broadcasting Company.



"Union troops" massed in confusion in the Crater, a part of whose grass-covered rim is visible at the right. Originally the Crater was about 150 feet long, 60 feet wide and 25 feet deep. The Union soldiers bunched disastrously in the Crater, impeding the rush through the Confederate lines, and when the retreat at last was ordered nearly 1,000 were taken prisoner there.

THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Presents

ROSES AND DRUMS - Series III, #12

"The Battle of the Crater"

5:00-5:30 P.M.

November 25, 1934

Sunday

CAST

ACT I SCENE I

Betty  
Perry (Old darky camp-servant-  
Biblical talk-superstitious)  
Lee  
Beauregard

SCENE II

Ad lib Yankees, negroes,  
Confederates  
Young Confederate, dying  
Young Yankee, dying  
(Voice contrast)  
Sergeant Fiske (Yankee)  
Corporal Boles (Yankee)

SCENE III

Major Powell (Agressive, a leader)  
General Ledlie (Boastful, timid)  
Lieutenant (Yankee, few lines)

SCENE IV

Grant  
Porter, as staff-aide, middle aged  
Negro Courier (Young, eager)  
Gordon

ACT II SCENE I

Alec (Rebel Private)  
Dan (Rebel Corporal)  
Ben (Rebel Private)  
Another Rebel Private  
(FADE)  
Beauregard  
Mahone (Alert, gallant,  
called, "Hero of  
the Crater")  
Orderly (Rough Rebel)  
Betty  
(FADE)  
Rebel Private Alec  
Rebel Private Ben  
Rebel Corporal Dan  
(FADE)  
Negro Yankee--Tobe  
Negro Yankee--Mat  
Negro Corporal (Same as  
Courier in first act)  
Randy  
Confed. Jule  
Confed. Lishe  
Another Confed.

SCENE II

Betty  
Perry  
Orderly, Confed.  
General Lee  
Ad lib hospital orderlies

SOUND EFFECTS

All battle effects--muskets, cannon--near and far--marching  
effects--bayonet encounter effects  
Rattle of a water canteen as it is picked up  
Horse effects -- riding--pawing--neighing  
Door open-close  
Steps crossing floor  
Body falling from parapet to trench  
Steps descending into dug-out--scrapping against wall  
Stretcher lowered heavily to floor  
REPEAT EFFECT OF MINE EXPLOSION--EIGHT JUMBLED SUCCESSIVE  
EXPLOSIONS ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED YARDS OFF





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BETTY		Helen Claire
PERRY (Old darky- camp-servant - Biblical talk - superstitious)		Gus Smith
LEE		
BEAUREGARD		Joseph Spurin Calleia
AD LIB YANKEES, NEGROES, CONFEDERATES		
YOUNG CONFEDERATE (Dying)	} Voice contrast	
YOUNG YANKEE (Dying)		Jo Curtin
SERGEANT FISKE (Yankee)		
CORPORAL BOLES (Yankee)		
MAJOR POWELL (Aggressive, a leader)		
GENERAL LEDLIE (Boastful, timid)		Morgan Farley
LIEUTENANT (Yankee, few lines)		
GRANT		Guy Bates Post
PORTER, (as staff-aide, middle aged)		
NEGRO COURIER (Young, eager)		
GORDON		
Alec (Rebel Private)		
DAN (Rebel Corporal)		
BEN (Rebel Private)		
ANOTHER REBEL PRIVATE		
MAHONE (Alert, gallant, "Hero of the Crater"		Edwin Jerome
NEGRO YANKEE -- Tobe		
NEGRO YANKEE -- Mat		
ORDERLY (Confed.)		





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THEME

MASTER OF CEREMONIES:

Union Central Life presents "Roses and Drums," a drama of the Sixties, continuing our story of the War Between the States. Today, we bring you an authentic picture of a unique and important engagement of this struggle. Heading the distinguished cast,

\_\_\_\_\_ as Robert E. Lee, Joseph Spurin-Calleia as the Creole, General Beauregard; Brandon Peters as General Mahone, defender of Petersburg, and Guy Bates Post as Ulysses S. Grant.

The title of this episode..."The Battle of the Crater."

LOVE SENDS A LITTLE GIFT OF ROSES

ORCHESTRA

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: (Over music)

"Roses and Drums" is a war romance telling the story of a young Virginia girl, Betty Graham, who has become a Southern secret agent. Two soldiers, Gordon Wright of the Union Army, and Randy Claymore, of the Confederate, remain devoted to her. Again these roles are played by Helen Claire, Reed Brown Jr. and John Griggs.

It is the year 1864. The North has sent its greatest army into Virginia under the leadership of a rough, practical commander, Ulysses Grant. He has fought his way to Petersburg, a city guarding the railroads which feed General Lee's forces in Virginia. A deadlock has ensued. Grant's engineers, after first constructing vast intrenchments, have dug a mine under Elliott's Salient, a strategic point in the Confederate defenses.



In the early hours of July 30, this mine charged with eight thousand pounds of powder is to be exploded. But there is a delay. Something has gone wrong. Volunteers, young Captain Wright among them, descend into the mine, find a broken fuse, and relight it.

On to the play!

(DRUM ROLL)

(MUSIC - Introduce "CRATER THEME" - PORTENTOUS  
RHYTHMIC EFFECT TINGED WITH NEGRO-SPIRITUAL  
FEELING -- TEN SECONDS)





ACT I

SCENE I

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: (Over music)

Our scene is a room in the Gee House, now the Confederate headquarters, five hundred yards from the Rebel force at Elliott's salient. Sentries have admitted a young girl to the yard. By vigorous knocking she has aroused Perry, a negro camp-servant. And now we hear Miss Betty Graham anxiously questioning the sleepy and startled ducky -

BETTY

Perry ... what's happened...are you the only one here?

PERRY

Right dis moment...I de only one, Miss Betty...Hit's de middle o' de night!

BETTY

I know everybody's asleep...but this is important...terribly important...

PERRY

Well, now...just sit down here...Miss Betty. Maybe I can find de commandin' officer...

BETTY (Quickly)

No, Perry...this news is for General Lee....or General Beauregard...

PERRY

Gen'al Lee, he'spected here, bright and early!

BETTY

I'll wait!

PERRY

Yassum, Miss Betty, ev'y body sleepin'...but de sentries...

Yassum....but I'se mighty glad you waked me up now.



BETTY

Glad? Why, Perry?

PERRY (Lowering voice)

When you knocked on dat door...Miss Betty, I 'uz sweatin' in my sleep....dreaming de tormintin'est dream ever, Miss Betty...I seed de earth open up...and I seed a great hole in de ground...and den I heared a great noise and a shoutin'.

BETTY

Perry!

PERRY (Going on, tone of awe)

And up fum out o' a cloud o' sulphur smoke step old Man Satan...hissself...tearin' off ho chains a...lashin' he tail...treadin' de ground..."seekin' who he may devour."

BETTY

Perry, you've been hearing the preacher and all that talk that the Yankees are digging a mine!

PERRY

No! It a dream-warnin'...An' it ain't de first sign, Miss Betty...Deah punishment comin'...de Great Day o' Wrath ain't far off...

BETTY

Is that what you think, Perry?

PERRY (Wisely)

De worl' over-run wid sinning, Miss Betty. De white folks dey killin' dey brothern an' now de black-folks.(NEW PORTENTOUS TONE)  
Why, Miss Betty, right out heah befo' dis town de colored soldiers totin' guns dat Yankee debbil's put in dey hands----

BETTY

Don't judge so harshly, Perry!



PERRY

I ain't jedgin' nobody...Dat's what de signs say...we all gwine be judged! Gabriel soon blow he last trump dey and dey come a clap o' thunder an'de earth tremble, underfoot and de sinners shall be parted from dem as knows de Lord---

(DISTANT RUMBLE OF CRATER. JUMBLED SUCCESSION  
OF EIGHT EXPLOSIONS 500 YARDS AWAY UNDER NEXT  
LINE)

BETTY

Stop, Perry! Do you hear that?

PERRY (Slowly)

I hears it...I done tell you...

(SOUND OF FALLING TIMBERS, DEBRIS, CRIES)

BETTY

Perry, that must be the Yankee mine....it must be!

PERRY

Yea, Lord! It's de Day o' Wrath sho'...I done tole you, Miss Betty.

(MUSIC. CRATER THEME. FADE IN NEW SCENE  
ON PANEL)

(DESULTORY FIRING OFF MIKE UNDER SCENE)

GENERAL LEE

Orderly, bring me that detail map! Here Beauregard, sit down!

BEAUREGARD

General Lee, I think we have a little breathing spell now.

LEE

Yes, Beauregard, thanks to your disposal of artillery....

BEAUREGARD

The panic has been quieted....for the moment...





LEE

And the breach closed! (NEW TONE) Miss Graham, your report has been confirmed by the fact.

BETTY

The horrible fact...(SHAKILY) General Lee, if you have no further need for me...

BEAUREGARD

Why, Miss Graham, you're white as a sheet....What's the matter, miss?

BETTY

I left Captain Claymore...at Elliott's Salient...before the explosion.

LEE

Oh my dear! I'm very sorry....

BEAUREGARD (Sympathetically)

Some of the men who were there....are safe.

BETTY

Did you see him?....

BEAUREGARD (Reluctantly)

Why no, I didn't.

BETTY

I've got to find out!

LEE

You're not going up there, Miss Betty?

BEAUREGARD

Not with all this firing!

BETTY

I've got to find out somehow. If Randy was caught there....

(VOICE BREAKS) I...Oh! (SUDDENLY) Goodbye, gentlemen!

(DOOR CLOSE)



LEE

She's gone! Poor child! (LOWERING VOICE) Beauregard, you didn't see young Claymore...

BEAUREGARD

No... (CAREFULLY) If he was in the left wing of the barracks... he is dead now. If he was with General Elliott...there is a chance...

LEE

How many were killed in the blast...

BEAUREGARD

Most of them. General...it was frightful...like hell opening up...

LEE

Yes, Beauregard....but don't tell me now...(CAREFULLY) There'll be a change in this sector soon. You have concentrated your men and guns to meet it?

BEAUREGARD

Yes...they're ready! Pickets will hold the other lines.

LEE

Well done, sir!

BEAUREGARD

But we need more troops...at this breach.

LEE (Considering)

There's Mahone's division a mile South.

BEAUREGARD

Yes, general! We need him here to reenforce McMaster and Elliott!

LEE (Decisively)

We'll send for him. (CALLING) Orderly!





ORDERLY (Fading in)

Yes, General Lee...

LEE

Ride at once to Fort Mahone...Tell the general he is to collect his men and withdraw them in such a manner that the movement can not be observed by the enemy! He will march his force here with all speed! Understand?

ORDERLY

Yes, general. There's a mount ready. (FADING) I'll go at once...

LEE

Good!

(STEPS AND DOOR CLOSE)  
(OFF MIKE HORSE EFFECT - FADING)

BEAUREGARD

If our forces can hang on till he gets here....we'll save Petersburg yet!

LEE (Gravely)

If Providence so wills it, Beauregard!

(BATTLE EFFECTS UP)

BEAUREGARD

Hear that? New firing! Come to the window, sir!

(THEIR STEPS CROSSING)

LEE (Quicker tempo to finish)

It's the new attack! General, let us go forward...

(BURST OF ARTILLERY CLOSER)

BEAUREGARD

We can watch from that hillock, sir! Hear our guns!



LEE

Going into action like clock-work!

BEAUREGARD

Yes, General. (VOICE UP) If Grant thought his mine was all he needed to take Petersburg, he was greatly mistaken.

(BATTLE MUSIC - SEGUE TO EERIE CRATER MOTIF)

(END OF SCENE I)



MASTER OF CEREMONIES: (Over music)

The mine explosion which Union leaders had counted on to demoralize the Confederate forces actually terrorized the Yankee soldiers also. Drawn up in battle line awaiting the moment, they saw tons of earth, batteries, walls, and Confederate soldiers hurled skyward. For a moment they feared that the mass of earth and debris, falling back to the ground, would bury them where they stood. When they did start forward, they were impeded by the breastworks and abatis of their own defenses. Delayed for ten crucial minutes, they were leaderless and confused when they stumbled forward into the huge crater, where Beauregard's batteries and the reorganized Confederate forces were pouring a galling fire.

(MUSIC -- FIVE SECONDS -- THEN UNDER M. OF C.)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES:

As fast as the desperately attacking Union soldiers scramble up the steep sides of the crater, Confederate gunners pick them off. They roll back into the pit already crowded with dead and dying.

(MUSKETRY FIRE UP)

A heavy lump of earth, dislodged by the explosion, has fallen near the Rebel lines at the edge of the crater, pinioning two soldiers beneath its mass! As they struggle to free themselves,

(KEEP VOICE      CONTRAST IN THIS SCENE)

CONFEDERATE (Weakly over near distant  
gunfire - cannon - yells  
and groans of men in crater)

If I jes' had some water. Hey there, Yankee, you got a canteen?

YANKEE

Got one, Johnny...right thar...but I can't git to it.





CONFEDERATE

Oh...I see now...This yere clod o' dirt's got you pinioned too!

YANKEE

Yes, my arm's caught fast, Johnny.

CONFEDERATE

Reckon your general's didn't figure the mine would bury you Yankees too!

YANKEE

No - (GASPING) an' I never figured I'd choke to death. (STRUGGLING TO PUSH DIRT UP) Umph...Johnny...this chunk o' dirt's big as a haystack! (GASPING) Can't breathe.

CONFEDERATE (GROAN)

A lot heavier, Yankee! (Groan again)

YANKEE

How you feeling, Johnny?

CONFEDERATE

Brother, I'm a-layin' in my own grave right now!

YANKEE

Ain't none of us ever get out o' here, Johnny Reb!

(MUSKETRY FIRING UP - FEW SHOTS)

CONFEDERATE

Look a thar! I can see your boys going down! One dragging hisself away... minus both pins!

YANKEE (Straining to look)

Well...he won't be needin' 'em!

CONFEDERATE (Hopelessly)

No more'n me! I can't feel nothin' now...below my middle!

(GASPS)

YANKEE

Easy there, Reb!



CONFEDERATE

Once I got caught in a march, down in Gawgia! But old black  
Claudius...he pulled me out.

YANKEE

Wisht your black Claudius'd come along now....(GROANS)

CONFEDERATE

Cain't you reach that water, Yank!

YANKEE

Can't Johnny! Can't even wiggle!

CONFEDERATE (Straining to reach  
water)

Hit's lyin' right thar between us!

YANKEE

Devil put it thar...

CONFEDERATE

I never did want anythin' (GROANS) quite so much...as one swallow  
o' water now... (GASP - DIES)

(FIRING UP - MUSKETRY AGAIN)

YANKEE

My tongue's...parchin' too...Johnny Reb...(GASP)

YANKEE SERGEANT FISKE (Fading in)

Form your lines, you men! We've got to push out o' this death  
hole.

CORPORAL BOLES

Can't reach to the rim above, Sergeant!

SERGEANT FISKE

Can't, Corporal!

CORPORAL

No sir! Rebel sharpshooter's popping off every man that climbs  
up there!





SERGEANT FISKE

They shoot every man that stays in....

(FRESH BURST OF MUSKET-FIRE)

Here, get down behind that mound of clay, there!

CORPORAL BOLES (Seeing them)

Sergeant...look! Here's two poor devils - pinioned -

SERGEANT FISKE

Yankee and a Rebel...

CORPORAL BOLES (Looking)

Both...dead!

SERGEANT FISKE (Practical, brisk tone)

Corporal, pick up that water canteen lying between them!

CORPORAL BOLES (Stooping)

Yes...sergeant! They won't be needin' it, now!

(MUSIC)

(END OF SCENE II)



SCENE III

MASTER OF CEREMONIES:

In a bomb-proof dugout, well to the rear of the Union firing line, sits the officer who was entrusted with the execution of the first assault, General James H. Ledlie. Major Powell, bringing urgent news from the thick of the fight in the crater, has at last located the general's retreat. As he climbs down the steep dirt steps into the dugout - Ledlie and a young staff lieutenant look up - startled.

(DISTANT SOUNDS OF FIGHTING)

(STEPS - SCRAPING AGAINST WALL)

LEDLIE (A boastful but timid man -  
excitedly)

Here, lieutenant? Who's that?

LIEUTENANT (Young)

An officer...

POWELL (Off mike)

General Ledlie!

LEDLIE (Relieved)

Oh...it's you...Major Powell!

POWELL (Fading in)

Oh! (SIGNIFICANTLY) I didn't think of looking here... for you, General Ledlie!

LEDLIE (Embarrassed)

No, Powell?

POWELL

No! I feared at first you had been hit! But I see you managed ... to stay...safe and sound.

LEDLIE (Nervously)

No one's safe on this field!



POWELL (Insinuating)

I can't help feeling safer...in your bomb-proof.

LEDLIE (Sharply)

What have you come to say, Powell?

POWELL(Rapidly)

Your officers want orders, Colonel. Marshall and General Bartlett.  
They can't go forward.

LEDLIE (Shocked tone)

Why not?

POWELL (Angry reproach)

If you had watched the charge, sir... you would know (CALMING  
HIMSELF) The men can't get footing on the steep wall of that  
crater. They slide and roll back. The Rebels rain bullets at  
'em, with no let-up! They've got to fall back!

LEDLIE

There's still unbroken ground about the crater's edge?

POWELL (Angry)

Of course!

LEDLIE

Then why don't they press ahead, there?

POWELL

Murderous fire, enfilading both flanks...The men jump into the  
crater for protection. The Rebels apparently fill the ditches  
they've vacated!

LEDLIE

If they'd followed my orders.

POWEL

What are your orders, sir?

LEDLIE

My orders have been to go forward and take Cemetery Hill.





POWELL

But they can't! I tell you, it's beyond belief. That crater's a slaughter-house!

LEDLIE (Turning)

Lieutenant, go up to the line and tell me how the men are placed.

LIEUTENANT (Stammering)

But...cannister's sweeping every foot of ground above there!

POWELL

I came through it! Take your chance, lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT (Fading)

Yes, sir...but... (HE SCRAMBLES UP STEPS)

LEDLIE (Repeating)

This movement can't fail! They've got to break through the Rebel lines...take Cemetery Hill...

POWELL

We understand that! But we won't take it by pushing more men into that death trap!

LEDLIE

What...do you suggest?

POWELL (Considering)

Fresh troops with the right leaders...could drive the Rebels from the trenches flanking the Crater! And then -

LEDLIE (Coughs)

I'll...send a report to General Burnside...

POWELL

Report! We need orders!

LEDLIE (Elaborate, angry alibi)

Sir! I am only a division commander! Potter, Willcox, Ferrero and myself -- we are all responsible to Burnside!



*Reproduction of Elder's painting, "The Battle of the Crater." General Mahone's description was the artist's inspiration.*

POWELL (Bitterly)

And Burnside is responsible to Grant?

LEDLIE

He is!

POWELL (Even more bitterly)

And Grant is responsible to Lincoln? (UTTER DISGUST) General  
Ledlie, I think I had better take a trip to Washington to get  
my orders!

(MUSIC)

(END OF SCENE II)





SCENE IVMASTER OF CEREMONIES:

A little later, on a hillock near the reserve lines occupied by the Negro troops of the Northern army stands a shambling figure in the uniform of a private. This stumpy unimpressive man in his broad-brimmed felt hat smokes a black stogie. His face is covered with a two days' scrubble of beard. He is Ulysses Grant, the commander of all the Union armies and he is observing the battle, with Colonel Horace Porter, his staff aide.

(DISTANT BATTLE EFFECTS)

GRANT

Gimme your handkerchief, Porter!

PORTER

Just a minute, General.

GRANT

Need to wipe off this field glass! Can't see out of it, anymore.

PORTER

Here you are, General.

GRANT (Looking)

Good Lord! Don't want to see out of it now!

PORTER

Looks like a hive of bees been upset in that crater!

GRANT

And it would be just about as hard to get that swarm of soldiers back in order! (BURSTING OUT) Where are my officers? Where's Ledlie?



PORTER

He can't be found! None of the officers have been - (NEW TONE)

Here's Captain Wright!

GORDON (Coming on mike)

General Grant, sir!

GRANT

Good Lord! I thought you were blown up with the mine!

GORDON

I lit the fuse, sir and got out. (RAPIDLY) And now it seems as if we'd be better off if the mine hadn't been sprung!

GRANT

Too early in the day to judge that, Captain! There's no doubt the Rebels recovered from surprise faster than we figured.

GORDON (Reluctantly)

Our men held back longer after the blast than theirs.

PORTER

But captain, it appears that Burnside didn't clear the way for our charge!

GRANT (Defensively)

Yes, but Burnside hasn't had a free hand! A lot of his plans have been upset! I wish now we'd sent the negro troops first into that breach...as he asked!

PORTER (Looking)

Here comes one of those cullud troopers now....

GRANT

Hm...in a hurry!

NEGRO COURIER (Coming on mike)

Gen'al Grant, sir! Reportin' fum Gen'al Ferrero!



GRANT

Well, what does your commander want?

COURIER

He wantin' fo' de cullud division to go forward!

GRANT (Ruminating)

Well, I'd like to have somebody go forward!

NEGRO COURIER (Eagerly)

We de sojers to do it! Try us, boss!

GRANT

Boss?

COURIER (Meekly)

Gen'al Grant, sir.

GRANT (Gravely)

You'll have to climb over a lot of dead white boys!

COURIER

Yes, sir!

GRANT

I'm considering it. General Ferrero can expect final orders --  
very soon!

COURIER

We wantin' our chance, Gen'al. We ain't had it!

GRANT

Hm! Well if you boys have seen what's going on in that Crater  
and still want a chance...I guess you're the boys'll get it!

(MUSIC)

(END OF ACT I)





THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
ROSES AND DRUMS

November 25, 1934

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CAST

Mrs. Stevens  
Johnny  
Daniel Stark

ANNOUNCER:

And now, while the scenes are being changed for the second act of Roses and Drums, we bring you a story from real life. A widow, Mrs. Stevens, is saying "good-night" to her six-year old son at the end of Thanksgiving Day.

MRS. STEVENS:

It has been a happy day, hasn't it, Johnny? We have so much to be thankful for ... even if Daddy isn't with us ... anymore.

JOHNNY:

But he still takes care of us, doesn't he, Mom?

MRS. STEVENS:

Yes, son. Even death couldn't prevent your Daddy from looking out for us. He and Mr. Stark arranged it all only a month before he died.

JOHNNY:

You mean that man who was so nice to me?

MRS. STEVENS:

Yes, Johnny. Daniel Stark was our best friend ... when we needed a true friend most ... (FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER:

And now, Daniel Stark himself ... counselor on life insurance problems ...

(OVER)



THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
ROSES AND DRUMS

November 25, 1934

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

-2-

DANIEL STARK:

Good afternoon, friends. (PAUSE) Last September, Rob Stevens came to me as his insurance advisor, and said, "Mr. Stark, how can I best make my family secure, even on my small insurance budget?"

We agreed that in case of his death the thing his wife and boy would need most was a regular guaranteed income. The policy he had would take care of outstanding bills, funeral expenses, but after that this family would need a check every month, year after year, while the boy was growing up.

I explained how without straining his salary he could do this through a new plan, developed by my company, the Union Central Life. He decided to adopt that plan right then and there...

One month later, he was killed in a grade-crossing accident ...

This plan, which protects Rob Stevens family, we call the Multiple Protection Plan. (SLOWLY AND IMPRESSIVELY) Multiple Protection, because it gives your family an income of \$100.00 a month for the most important 20 years of their existence ... those years when the children are growing up ... and then supports your wife as long as she lives. Plan, because it gathers together these and other needed kinds of protection in a single policy that any man of moderate means can own. And that's one unit of the plan. You can have as many more as your family needs.

(OVER)





THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
ROSES AND DRUMS

November 25, 1934

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

-3-

ANNOUNCER:

To learn more about this new Multiple Protection Plan ... simply write your name and address on a postcard and mail it to The Union Central Life Insurance Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. You'll receive a new booklet that shows clearly how you can give your family the protection of an adequate, regular income, even though your salary is small. I'll repeat that address, so you can jot it down ... U-N-I-O-N ... Union ... C-E-N-T-R-A-L ... Central ... Union Central Life Insurance Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES:

And now ... the second act of Roses and Drums!



ACT II

SCENE I

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: (Over drum-roll and music)

As we go on with our story of the Battle of the Crater, our scene moves to a section of the Confederate lines, some yards in the rear of the ruined Elliott's Salient. A Confederate corporal and a private are peering cautiously over the parapet, toward the great pit that was opened by the explosion, and that is now seething with humanity.

PRIVATE ALEC

Never did think those darky boys would get through, corporal!

CORPORAL DAN

Well, Alec they only took our front lines....

ALEC

That's more than their white troops could do!

CORPORAL DAN

If we'd had more guns on the right, they wouldn't have done it.

ALEC

Well, corporal those black boys are stickin' tight thar... now... If they git on further, it'll be a bad time in Petersburg...

CORPORAL DAN

They been waitin' for that chance a long time, Alec....settin' out there....

PRIVATE BEN (Fading in)

Corporal, ain't we gettin' reinforcements afore them black boys charge us again?

CORPORAL

Don't know where reenforcements comin' from, Ben...

BEN

Heard tell Gen'l Mahone was marchin' men this-a-way.



CORPORAL

He'd better hurry...Yankees are gittin' their second wind now...  
Look mighty bad to me!

ALEC

Sixty thousand Yankees waitin' out thar... Corporal! I do believe  
Yankees must grow on trees!

(QUIET AD LIBS AND MARCHING EFFECT IN DISTANCE)

BEN (Happy thought)

We ought to get some o' them trees down here in Virginia!

ALEC

Them's the kind ol' Bob Lee's been lookin' for!

CORPORAL

Some boys marchin' up there... Look!

HERMAN

Corporal that's Mahone's men! ... Must be!

ALEC

Look like a whole brigade!

CORPORAL

Movin' in to the lines mighty quiet!

HERMAN

Look, there's Gen'l Mahone...on the chesnut horse!

ALEC

'Nother officer talkin' with him...Who's he, corporal?

CORPORAL

Don't you recognize him! ... Why that's General Beauregard!

(FADING) He's saved Petersburg once before....Maybe he'll  
do it this time.





(FADE TRANSITION - BRING UP AD LIB COMMANDS OF OFFICERS TO MAHONE'S TROOPS MOVING INTO THEIR LINES:

"March 'em under the covered way, Sergeant."

"You take the redoubt to the left!"

"Keep your voices down, boys!"

"Yankees don't know we're here, yet."

(FADE IN MAHONE AND BEAUREGARD AND ORDERLY - THE GENERALS ARE ON HORSE-BACK. PAWING AND NEIGHING EFFECT.)

BEAUREGARD

Mahone...My artillery may save Petersburg, again...I think we'll soon have these colored regiments running!

MAHONE

Yes, Beauregard. They won't keep those trenches much longer. I'll have more than four whole brigades here soon!

BEAUREGARD

Good, but you must keep your men here completely out of sight... until your entire force arrives! Surprise is our main reliance here, Mahone!

MAHONE

All the company officers understand that...(NEW TONE) Orderly, take the check-rein. The horse is restless!

(FIRING UP SOMEWHAT)

ORDERLY

There boy, stand still! (TO MAHONE) The firing makes him skittish!

BEAUREGARD

They never quite get used to the noise!

MAHONE (New, decisive tone)

General, I think a sharp attack now might dislodge those negro troops and throw them back into the crater!



(TAKE OUT FIRING)

BEAUREGARD

Not yet, General! Let us wait for your 49th North Carolina!

MAHONE

But those Yankee negroes have shown aggressiveness! They may charge at any moment!

BEAUREGARD

I think they know they're between the devil and the deep-blue sea! They are catching their breath, Mahone! We have enough men here now to hold this front...Once your reenforcements are all here -- we'll drive the black men back into that pit!

MAHONE (Acquiescing)

And once in there they won't get out...again.

BEAUREGARD

Yes! I think the Yankees will regret their mine...more than we do...even though it blew half a thousand poor devils in our fort all to pieces...

ORDERLY (Off mike sharply)

You can't come up here! This is a battle-line!

BETTY (Off mike)

Stand aside! The General knows me!

MAHONE (Seeing Betty)

Beauregard, what's this lady doing here?

BEAUREGARD

Why, Mahone, that's Miss Graham!

BETTY (Fading in)

General Beauregard...I had to come here...

BEAUREGARD

But it is very dangerous...you hear those guns, Miss Betty! There are bullets flying -





BETTY

Oh, that doesn't matter, sir!

BEAUREGARD (Appraising - critical)

You have some news for me?

BETTY

No...but I want news from you!

BEAUREGARD

Eh?

BETTY (Desperately)

Don't think me foolish, sir! But I've got to find what's happened to...(LOWER) Captain Claymore...

MAHONE

Young Claymore...oh...

BETTY

You've seen him?

MAHONE

Why, no...Miss Graham...I knew he was...at Elliott's Salient, last night.

BETTY

Yes... and (POINTING) see it now...a horrible mass of ruins!  
(BROKENLY) Oh, no one has heard from him!....General Beauregard, have you seen him...tell me!

BEAUREGARD

Miss Graham...calm yourself...I have not seen Captain Claymore... no! But we have been busy. It is early in the day!

BETTY

So many were hurt.



MAHONE

But...many are safe!

BEAUREGARD

I wish...we could tell you Miss Graham...But we have no report!

BETTY

General-----

MAHONE

Captain Claymore is probably in the lines now fighting -- if I know him!

BETTY

Yes... if he's alive. If he is killed...nothing matters!

(BURST OF FIRING)

BEAUREGARD

Now come, Miss Betty, collect yourself! Show the savoir faire... we have always expected from our most daring secret operative!

BETTY

All that means nothing, now!

BEAUREGARD (Sharply - looking off)

The firing's started again! Miss Betty... I must order you... to the rear...

BETTY

I know I have no place here....But general... if you see him... or hear anything...will you send me word?

BEAUREGARD

I promise, Miss Betty.

BETTY

Thank you!! I can bear anything... but not knowing....



BEAUREGARD

Yes...now hurry, quick...away from here.

BETTY (Fading)

I'll be at General Headquarters, sir!

BEAUREGARD (Calling after her)

I'll remember...Miss Betty...(TURNING TO MAHONE) The girl is unnerved...I've never seen her... so...

MAHONE (Close to mike)

You didn't see... Claymore... General?

BEAUREGARD

No... Perhaps he is safe... but who knows?

(FIRING LOUDER)

MAHONE (NEW TONE)

Hear that firing.... now! It's another Yankee charge!

BEAUREGARD

It's those colored troops charging us, Mahone.

(SHARP MUSKET FIRE CLOSER)

Your men, are they ready?

MAHONE (Excitedly)

They're ready... and pouring fire into those black devils!

Come on, General... let's ride forward....

(GALLOP OF TWO HORSES FADING)

BEAUREGARD (Fading)

If we're going to save Petersburg... it's got to be now!

(FADE TRANSITION - BRING UP YELLS OF COLORED CHARGING TROOPS AND CONFEDERATES)

(AD LIBS OF HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING -- BAYONETING. NO MODERN EXPRESSIONS OR SLANG)

(SCENE IS A SMALL SECTION OF HOTLY-CONTESTED CONFEDERATE ENTRENCHMENT.)





(DON'T RATTLE OFF FOLLOWING LINES)  
MAKE THEM STACCATO BUT SPACE AS THEY  
WOULD BE IN HEAT OF ACTION)

PRIVATE BEN

Here, Dan...where's my ramrod?

PRIVATE ALEC

Take this 'un, Ben... an' shoot!

BEN

Danged darkies with repeaters... can't stop 'em!

CORPORAL DAN (Yelling)

Set your bayonets, men! They're comin' over the parapets!

BEN (Grimly)

We'll stick 'em, Corporal!

CORPORAL DAN

Don't let 'em scare you... just a lot of niggers in uniform!

BEN

Nobody's scairt!

ALEC (Close to mike)

Here they come, boys!

(YELLS OF NEGRO TROOPS FADE IN CLOSE)

CORPORAL DAN (Climbing parapet)

Big black bucks!

BEN

Well, here goes one of 'em!

(SHOT CLOSE. SCREAM FROM MORTALLY WOUNDED DARKY)  
HUBBUB OF HAND TO HAND BAYONET FIGHTING. NO  
MODERN EXPRESSIONS FROM THE WORLD WAR)

(NEGRO VOICES DOMINATE AS NEGROES TAKE TRENCH)

NEGRO CORPORAL

We got 'em, boys. Johnnies running away! Chase 'em out!

Clean up de trench.



MAT

Here, Tobe, grab that Rebel flag there!

CORPORAL

I got it! You swing dat battery round!

MAT

Yea, Rebel guns! Turn 'em on de Confederates!

TOBE

Whar de officers? Let's go on to de next line!

NEGRO CORPORAL

Wait...Tobe, hold back dere a minute... First we gots to clean up dis line....

MAT

Corporal! Look dey comin' back at us!

TOBE

Squad of Johnnies re-forming! Chargin' us!

(YELL OF REBELS -- OFF MIKE)

CORPORAL

Big Rebel officer leadin' 'em! (TENSELY) Git raidy. Dey's yellin' like fury!

(SHARP STRUGGLE -- FADE IN REBEL YELLS,  
RANDY DOMINATING)

CORPORAL (Close to mike)

Back there, Johnny! I shootin'!

RANDY (Close to mike)

I'm shootin', negro!

(SCREAMS FROM CORPORAL)

CORPORAL

Oh... you done fixed me, boss!

CONFEDERATE PRIVATE 'LISHE

He had our flag! Captain Claymore! He was leadin' de darkies!





RANDY

Yes, 'Lishe. He was! He'll never... lead again! (RAISING VOICE)  
Gimme that stand of colors!

'LISHE

Here, captain. We'll wrench it out of his black fingers!

RANDY

He's got a death-grip on that staff (GRUNTING AS HE PULLS IT  
AWAY) like a vise!

CONFEDERATE PRIVATE JULE (Fading in)

Here, Captain Claymore, what're you doing?

RANDY (Grimly)

Climbing this parapet!

(SHARP MUSKET FIRE UP)

LISHE

Don't climb up there! Regular hail o' minie-balls!

RANDY

Well they won't keep me from planting this flag where it belongs!

JULE

Look out! Those bullets!

RANDY

Maybe this flag'll stop 'em ....

ANOTHER CONFEDERATE PRIVATE (Wildly)

Don't, Captain. Keep down here!

RANDY

I'm giving orders! (MOVING OFF MIKE ONTO PARAPET) General  
Grant's black boys can't keep our colors down! (AS HE PLANTS  
STANDARD) Here Yankees! The Stars and Bars to shoot at!

(SHARP CRACK. RIFLE BULLET THUD. RANDY GROANS  
AND FALLS BACK INTO THE TRENCH)



LISHE

Captain!

JULE

He's fallen!

RANDY (Groaning weakly)

They found ... something ... to shoot at...

LISHE (Frantically)

Where's a stretcher? Bring up a stretcher!

JULE (Slowly)

No stretcher's here.....don't reckon it'd be much use... if we had one...

((BATTLE MUSIC - LAMENTOSO VARIATION ON BETTY  
THEME - BRING TO A QUIET FINISH))

(END OF SCENE I)



SCENE II

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: (Over music)

We return to the Gee House, Confederate headquarters during the tense hours of the battle of the Creater. As the sounds of fighting recede into the background, a young girl is talking to the aged negro camp-servant... of the commanders, the devoted black Perry.

(VERY DISTANT BATTLE EFFECTS)

BETTY (Distraught mood)

You can hardly hear the firing now, Perry!

PERRY

Miss Betty I reckon dey 'bout used up de bullets dey had for dis day!

BETTY

Oh, I hope they have...

PERRY

Look like de Yankees ain't gwine get in Petersburg now!

BETTY

Oh... we can't tell yet!

(SOUND OF MARCHING OFF MIKE)

PERRY

Hear 'em... soldiers marchin'...

BETTY (Fading to window)

Our men... A column's marchin' away from the lines!

(BATTLE EFFECTS FADE)

PERRY

Reckon dey ain't needin' to fight no mo' now!

BETTY

It must mean... they've stopped the Yankees!





PERRY (Taking on Biblical tone)

An knowed it, Miss Betty! Now Old Man Satan been chained agin.  
He drive back now to de black pit where he come out!

BETTY

The pit! Thousands of men are in there... now... Rebels and  
Yankees... white and black... all mixed up! Dying there together.

PERRY (Same tone)

Yea... de earth open up... an' de sulphur rise up from de Bad  
Place, an' de sinners who raised dere hands against dere own folks  
... (LOWER) dey groaning and writhin' and cryin' out, Miss Betty,  
de brudders and de friends... who fightin' each other...

BETTY

Brothers and friends! (TO HERSELF) Is that why -- Oh... It  
was bound ... to happen!

PERRY

What de matter, Miss Betty! You whiter'n a ghost!

BETTY (Going on)

Is it because Randy... was fightin' ... Gordon? (VOICE BREAKS)  
Oh I've got to know the truth... I can't wait any more.

(AD LIBS ORDERLY AND LEE)

PERRY

Bless my soul, Miss Betty!

(DOOR OPENING)

Hit old Bob Lee hisself!

(LEE'S STEPS CROSSING FLOOR)

BETTY

General Lee, sir!



LEE (Fading in)

Miss Betty... and my old Perry! A comforting sight after the scenes I have just witnessed!

PERRY

Marse Lee... is we done chased de Yankees away?

LEE

Well, Perry... Those Yankees have had enough for today, I think. Thanks to General Beauregard... and General Mahone!

BETTY

The colored troops didn't break through, sir?

LEE

No, Miss Betty... though they outstripped Grant's white divisions. It looked bad for a time, there... but our prompt action at the breach threw them back. It's been reported that certain gallant company commanders were largely **instrumental** in this happy result!

BETTY

That's heartenin' news, sir... (SHE SUDDENLY BEGINS TO WEEP)

LEE

Why, Miss Betty... you're weeping!

BETTY (Brokenly)

Did General Beauregard give me a message?

LEE

Message? No! I believe he is still in the front lines...

BETTY

Front lines! Then I've got to go and see him... now...

LEE (Startled)

But you mustn't... even a special aide can't take such unwarranted risks!



BETTY

But the battle is over, sir! You don't understand. I've waited so long already. And now... I've got to go... got to find out... if he's alive...

LEE

But my dear Miss Betty -

(AD LIBS OF ORDERLIES BRINGING IN RANDY ON STRETCHER)

PERRY (Fading in)

Look, Marse Lee ... dey bringin' a sojer... on a stretcher!

BETTY (Echoing)

Stretcher?

LEE

I don't understand... bringin' a wounded man .. here...

ORDERLY (Fading in)

General Lee, sir!

LEE

Yes, orderly!

(SOUND AS STRETCHER IS LOWERED TO FLOOR)

ORDERLY

This officer... we've orders... to get special surgical attention for him!

LEE (Slightly puzzled)

Orders... from whom?

ORDERLY

From General Beauregard, sir!

BETTY

From Beauregard!... It must be... oh, let me see.

(STEPS CROSSING TO STRETCHER)





ORDERLY (Warning)

Better stand back, Miss...

BETTY (Looking at stretcher)

Why... it's... (VOICE BREAKS) Oh... I knew it...

LEE

Knew it?

BETTY (Brokenly)

Yes!... General Beauregard kept his promise. He said he'd find him -- (VOICE BREAK) Oh Randy!

RANDY (Feebly, seeing her)

Hello... Betty, my dear... never thought I'd see you... again...  
(GROAN)

ORDERLY (Quickly)

General... we've got to get a surgeon... for this man!

PERRY (Hurriedly)

I get de doctor... yas suh...! (BIBLICAL TONE) But you needin' mo' dan doctors... to cure folks today... Hit take mo' dan doctors when old man Satan come out o' he pit... an' tear off he chains... an' walk foth on de Earth!

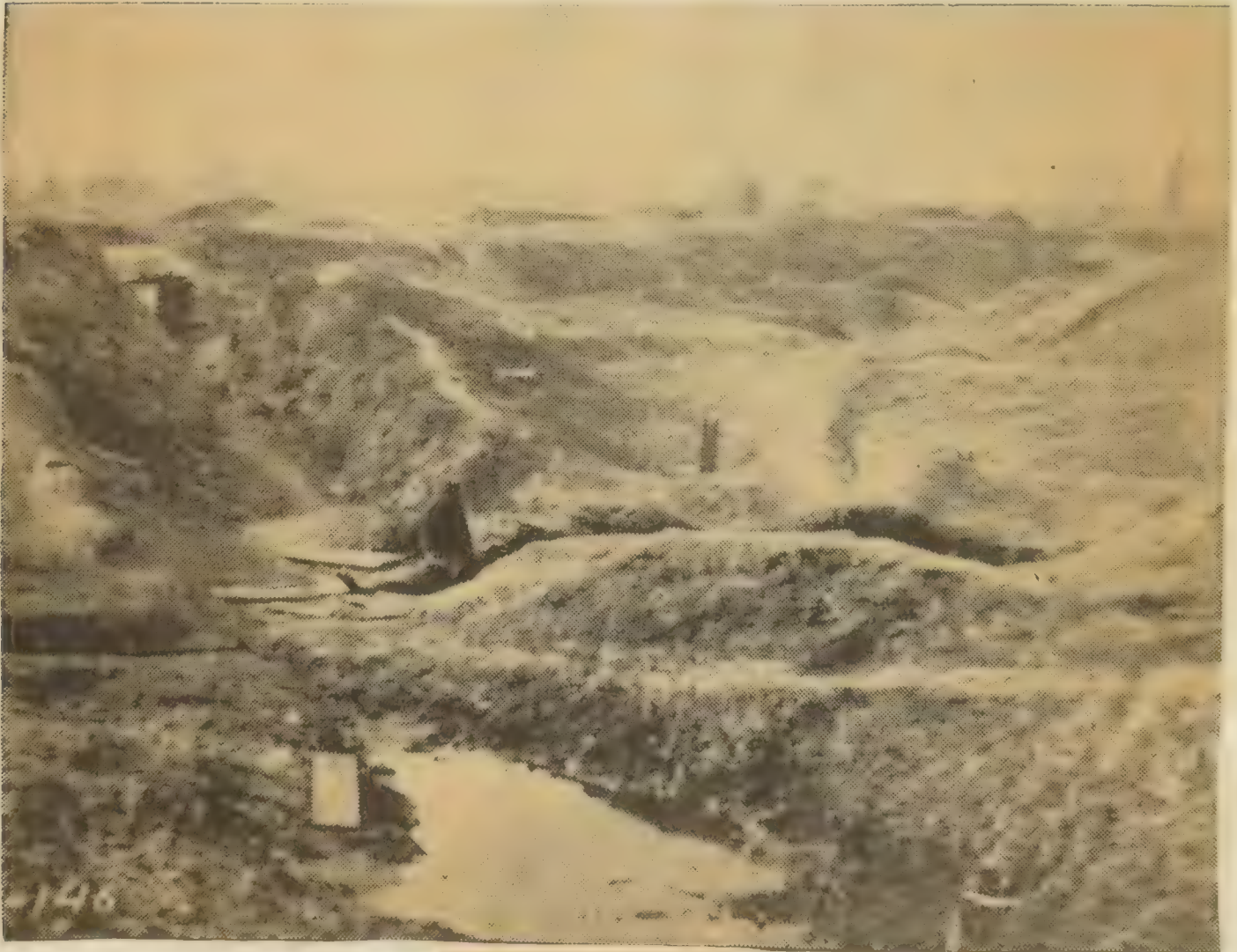
(MUSIC SEGUE TO "AMERICA")

(END OF PLAY)



ANNOUNCER:

Next Sunday our war romance of Betty Graham continues with an unusual episode of Petersburg life in this time of crisis. It is a story of the beloved commander of the South, Robert E. Lee, based on an incident revealing the warm human qualities of this great and noble American. Another distinguished cast ... with ..... as Mrs. Tattenal, an elderly woman of Petersburg, and ..... as Robert E. Lee.



*This view,  
taken in the  
spring of 1865, shows  
the Crater  
caused by the  
explosion of four  
tons of powder  
under the Confederate  
line.*





ROSES AND DRUMS

November 25, 1934

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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## ROSES AND DRUMS

November 25, 1934

CLOSING COMMERCIAL -2-

## LOVE SENDS A LITTLE GIFT OF ROSES

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Roses and Drums is brought to you every Sunday afternoon by The Union Central Life Insurance Company, a 67-year-old institution with over \$300,000,000 in assets. Next week at this same hour you will hear another stirring episode of Roses and Drums, entitled "Birthday Party" featuring an all-star cast. Like the episode you have just heard, next Sunday's drama will be checked for historical accuracy by Dr. M. W. Jernegan, Professor of American History at the University of Chicago.

### ANNOUNCER:

Be sure to send today for the booklet describing the Multiple Protection Plan ... Just mail your request on a postcard to The Union Central Life Insurance Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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